

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701
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Mr. Carl Bernstein
Newsroom
Washington Post
1150 15 St., NW
Wash, D.C. 20005

Dear Carl,

Some time ago I phoned you to discuss what I then saw as a coming possibility. I was told you were on leave through June. I'm glad I was too busy earlier because now I can speak with more certainty as a result of July developments.

An enormous amount of work for the past 13 years has led to an unprecedented situation I believe has considerable literary potential in all ways. I would like to talk to David Obst and to you about it. You can assure him, if you will, that I have only one head and give him your own opinion of how it is screwed on. He may have forgotten his one personal observation. Ian MacDonald, then with the Times of London, introduced us when Obst came to keep a lunch date. He encouraged me to call but never returned any.

Last October it was belatedly discovered that I'd had a heavy phlebitis in both legs. By the time I was hospitalized the damage was extensive and permanent. It has slowed me down to where some days I work only 16 hours. Other inhibitions make me a little less mobile. I never drive to Washington except when my wife has a medical appointment there. The blood can puddle in my legs and feet. ~~XXXXXX~~ I use the bus but I won't inflict that on my wife.

I'll be in court this coming Wednesday at 9:30. I can be free after that until I return on a bus about 2. Two days later, Friday, we both have morning medical appointments and afternoon dental appointments. I should be free 10-10:15. I'll be in again Monday the 2d for my annual checkup which should be over not much after 10, depending on the time required to have the lab work and X-rays done. All three days I can also be reached through my lawyer, Jim Lesar, 484-6023.

your

Because I like it when people say "^{show} me" and because/and your wives would enjoy it if they are free and interested, I'd prefer that it be here. We are about an hour from downtown except at rush hour. We have a 40-foot pool, tame wild fish and animals, poison ivy, air conditioning and such privacy we skinny-dip 50 feet from the kitchen door. Surrounded by pines. And if Obst wants to be shown, I will show.

My work on the JFK assassination is at the point of Watergate-like possibilities with a unique judicial mandate. Literally. I have been told not what I may do but what I "must." I have also had a court equate the nation's interest with mine and charge me with serving the nation's interest. Fortunately, I am a nonperson to the major media so this is not known. Right now I'm happy about it and want it to remain unreported so that I may go ahead and do what I want to speak to you and Obst about. It can make an instant book of enduring importance and high market potential. If these are not unusual and high enough credentials, the Department of Justice has certified in this very matter that I am more expert and informed than anyone in the FBI. Imagine either or both of these on a dust jacket! And this is far from all. Nor is it that I have thus become the pillar of the Establishment by federal appeals court directive. There is much more. I'm on the verge of the same thing with the King assassination. If you think I exaggerate, phone Lesar, who is handling the cases.

I probably have the largest private collection of FBI and CIA records anywhere. The literary values, not just the historical and archival, are close to limitless. Many movie possibilities. And all what interests me now, socially useful. At the same time substantial and to become a real archive, scholarly as hell.

Having lived as modestly as I have had to for all these years and having no children what I would want what would accrue to me used for is this, perfecting and perpetuating the enormous collection of unusual records and having them used in the present. Obst should have quite a stable collected by now. If any lack immediacies, the opportunities are, I believe, quite good.

Understand I am not in this talking only about my work on JFK, which really is most of the original work of meaning and of fact, as it is entirely on the King assassination except for the magnificent legal work of Jim Lesar.

After all these years I have no way of knowing what your father knew of me and my work before Pearl Harbor or what he told you. But when Dies came after me I got his agent convicted, even though they had a law passed to get me, the one Weicher cited when he spoke of tossing Golson out of his office. In that same period, as the past week has reminded me, I was on the one hand an unregistered British agent in economic warfare at the suggestion of the Justice Department and provided FDR with the raw material of one of his more memorable "fireside chats." They resist, but the CIA is gradually disgorging their records on the latter, which ~~was~~ was on a planned Nazi coup in of all tender places Chile. While they claim not to have the original material they have produced records of my having delivered it to "Captain Roosevelt" and of having located it and thus identify an ~~old~~ old-time speak, Ambassador David K.E. Bruce, in whose office it was found.

This was when your father, who had worked with my wife, was doing the research for Max Lowenthal's fine book on Hoover and the FBI, if he never told you.

If I am not attributing great commercial or literary value to all these old files I am suggesting that they in addition to my more recent work do hold some values that can include literary. There is much more, even on, in the past week alone, The Hollywood 10.

Before the election and in court I'm going to expose Ford as a McCarthyite, I am going to break apart the fictions in the JFK and King cases, which is not to say solve them. It is not impossible with King, where I have solid leads ~~many~~ of my own and will in time have a fairly large part of the official files that have been suppressed, depending on how much I can pay for. I have the total destruction of the coverup in my possession right now. This gets me back to the "show me" part. I'll show.

In confidence I might even let hear, but I'd have to talk to Lesar first on this. I have countless hours of Jimmy Ray on tape, inside those maximum-security jails and other prisoners, too, including one of his brothers. When Badikian was suing for it unsuccessfully, quietly I was doing it. In today's mail I have a tape from one of them. He finds talking easier than writing. I have not listened to it but now will.

I've rambled in trying to indicate the scope of what I have and what values Obst may anticipate it can hold. There is so much it may not be easy to comprehend. I'd have no problem in trusting him if he wants to tape and I'd provide the facilities. He could then listen again if he'd like and could again ask, "show me."

Having to type with my legs horizontal has not improved the bad typing you may recall. Hope you can make it out. Thanks and best to your folks. It was not long after we saw your mother at the memorial service for Cliff Durr ~~that I learned~~ that I learned of the phlebitis. It may amuse you to know that my wife was a friend of his before his Truman days and I of Virginia's in the mid-thirties. She drew me aside after the speeches to tell me that it is I who "radicalized" her.

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Not her brother Hugo I take as a compliment.

It was kind of a family affair. Before I met her my wife used to date Black's I think nephew, Hollis Black.

Virginia wanted me to run the anti-poll tax committee out of Lee Geyer's office but I wanted to do the anti-UnAmerican, anti-Nazi work I did.

This may sound so strange to you. So improbable. But there was such a day.

Back that far there also was domestic intelligence.

Last time my wife and I saw Virginia and Cliff ^{to} together was when we left a peace or anti-war rally before Pearl Harbor.

Somewhere in my files is a spook report on another such rally to which I ~~drove~~ drove Paul Robeson. I then met him where the Pentagon now is. If you did not know, that is where National Airport used to be. Peace was then a dirty word and it was true subversion to be anti-Nazi.

If you do not respond, thanks for honesty with Geoff Norman before he left Playboy. Bob badmouthed me. But has called me since for help. Where I'm sure he is or was lost.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg